

WATCHMAKER FILMS & LOUIS BLACK PRODUCTIONS

From the Director of THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE

TOBE HOOPER'S

# EGG SHELS



AN AMERICAN FREAK ILLUMINATION







# FOUND FILM THE REHATCHING OF TOBE HOOPER'S 1969 DEBUT, **EGGSHELLS**

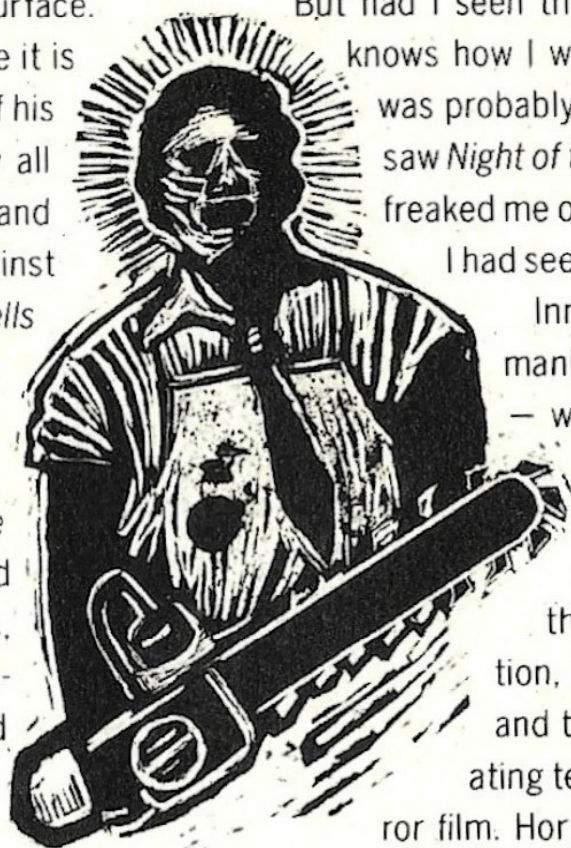
BY LOUIS BLACK

**T**obe Hooper's first film, *Eggshells*, released a half decade before *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, has long been considered a lost film, with little hope that a print would surface. The film has attracted attention because it is Tobe Hooper's first film, as well as that of his co-writer, Kim Henkel, and because, by all accounts, it is very much a slice of life and rare record of Austin circa 1968. Against all odds, a print has surfaced. *Eggshells* was shown for probably the first time in close to four decades at the South by Southwest Film Festival in 2009.

In 1974, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* was released. The film had a profound impact on most future horror films, though that statement is often misinterpreted to mean that the film featured unprecedented violence and gore. In point of fact, it didn't, and its influence was in different directions. George Romero's *Night of the Living Dead*, released in 1968, was much gorier and more violent, as was Wes Craven's *The Last House on the Left*, released in 1972. By 1974, Herschell Gordon Lewis had released *Blood Feast* (1963), *Two Thousand Maniacs!* (1964), and *Color Me Blood Red* (1965), among other films. Given the time they were released, it is still hard to tell how gory Lewis' films were perceived to be; they

seemed to me, having come to them much later, as comic as they were horrifying, with such an excess of fake blood and two-dimensional gore.

But had I seen them at the time, who knows how I would have reacted. It was probably 1969 or 1970 when I saw *Night of the Living Dead*, which freaked me out more than any film I had seen previously.



Innovative or unusually manipulative point of view — what the camera sees and how and when it sees it — is often the deciding factor as to

the power of imagination, both the filmmaker's and the audience's, in creating tension/terror in a horror film. Horror film masterpieces

almost invariably boast brilliant points of view as one of their determining characteristics. Robert Wise's *The Haunting*, released in 1963, has almost no gore but is a powerfully terrifying film (not to be confused with the mediocre remake). Well into the early 1980's, I would program it in different film series. In many ways the film was dated so that audiences would start out laughing at it. Wise's use of POV and overall mise-en-scène, though, always had them



screaming at the end.

In classic Hitchcock the terror almost always came more from the way scenes were constructed than from gore. The perfect example is the shower scene in *Psycho*, where the editing creates an overwhelming visceral reaction to the point where many people over the years insisted to me that the scene was in color, with the blood going down the drain at the end being bright red. The film is in black and white.

Part of the genius of Jonathan Demme's *The Silence of the Lambs* is his use of remarkable point-of-view shots. He creates a disorienting visual poetry through POV and editing.

Many people remember *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, as said above, as being far more violent and gory than what is actually shown in the film. The film's brilliance and influence lie in the way that Tobe Hooper begins to evoke a sense of tension in the audience from close to the very beginning (the title certainly aiding in this effort), a tension that ratchets up and up as the film progresses. Some of the most horrifying shots or terrifying moments have much more to do with cinema than with gore or violence. The film is a masterpiece of manipulation through camera movement, sound, POV, the set, the actors, and editing. Bees buzzing in a hive are as scary as the money shot in other gore films. Robert Burns' furniture and wall dressings in the house are beyond unsettling. Almost languid tracking shots end up evoking fear in just their pacing. Once the actual horror kicks in, one is far more upset by POV and camera movements than even Leatherface swinging his chainsaw. Four years after *Chainsaw*, John Carpenter upped the ante in *Halloween* (1978),

where the horror could be anywhere and was everywhere, but he had the advantage of using a Steadicam.

There were many extraordinary talents that worked on *Chainsaw*, including cinematographer Daniel Pearl; Hooper's co-writer, Kim Henkel; art and production designer Robert Burns; and Wayne Bell doing sound. Even though, in so many ways, it is clearly a director's movie in that all the elements are used to build tension and create horror. Hooper's talent has always been clear, but just how much of the film was his vision and how much was his coordinating others' contributions has never been readily apparent. *Eggshells* illuminates that Hooper's vision and sense of cinema were in place long before *Chainsaw*.

*Eggshells* makes explicit what many have long assumed — that Hooper's sense of cinema is the defining characteristic that makes *Chainsaw* great. *Eggshells* is a true 1968 film, psychedelic and political; it seems clear that Hooper had watched more than a film or two by Jean-Luc Godard. The film celebrates alternative lifestyles and politics and people and an odd, kinky semi-mysticism that is grounded more in humor than the supernatural. It captures what Austin looked like in the Sixties as well as the political sensibility shared by so many at the time.

As a period piece and/or as a psychedelic film and/or as a first effort by a gifted director, the film is well worth watching. But there is something more going on. Throughout *Eggshells* are the kinds of telltale camera movements, manipulations of POV, casually intricate cutting, and scenes that are mystifying and haunted, elements that all come to fruition



in *Chainsaw*, where they harmoniously work together to create that horror film masterpiece.

The film is even more cinematic than one might expect. There are moments of classic psychedelic cutting and colors. Hooper's sense of odd humor, especially used as an unusual punctuation mark, is very evident. *Eggshells* above all else is fun to watch.

In the pages of the *Chronicle*, a number of us on rare occasions cite Ed Lowry, one of the *Chronicle*'s founders and the head of CinemaTexas, who was in so many ways, though only a fellow graduate student, our most

important teacher when we were graduate students in the Radio-Television-Film Department at the University of Texas. Ed died in 1985. Over the years we've all missed him a surprising amount of the time. Over the years, however, after viewing some truly unique and/or powerful and/or idiosyncratic and/or historically important film, I miss Ed in the way an amputee misses a limb. I miss him because I want to talk to him, but I also need to talk to him, but usually, most of all, because I know how much he would love the film in question. If ever there were an Ed Lowry film in my life, *Eggshells* is it.





# AN AMERICAN FREAK ILLUMINATION

## THE UNOFFICIAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF TOBE HOOPER

### EARLY LIFE: ROOM SERVICE

I was raised in hotels and motels. The first one was at 7th and Congress, and I think it was called the Capital Hotel. It was like catty-corner from where the Stephen F. Austin Hotel, right by the Paramount Theatre, is now. There used to be the Queen Theater across the street on 7th on the other corner and the Stateside theater was there.

It was my dad's hotel. The hotel building is still there but it's built inside that glass skyscraper — it's been saved as some Nau's Drug

store or something but it was something else; the plaque on it is something that surprised me when I read it, the origin of the building.

My dad was a movie fanatic and he saw a movie every day. My mother went into labor when they were watching *Mildred Pierce* at the Paramount Theatre and she was taken to Seton Hospital, where I was born [on January 25, 1943]. Living in the hotel on the corner of 7th and Congress I was surrounded by four movie theaters. My father was a businessman. All the





businessmen knew one another. So the theater owner knew my dad and so the movie theater became my babysitter. Ushers watched after me as I watched a movie over and over again waiting to get to the *Tom and Jerry* cartoon, or *Heckle and Jeckle*. Every day I saw two to three movies until I was in my early 20s. It became a part of me, as much a part as eating. Actually it was more important to me than eating or drinking water, which was actually Dr. Pepper.

Then my dad had a hotel in San Angelo. We traveled around and back and forth in Texas and I lived in a house probably a couple of years out of the first 18-20 years of my life. The rest of the time I spent in hotels. In Austin my dad ran The Terrace, on a big piece of land, out on South Congress. Years later it ended up being the Austin Opera House with Willie Nelson as an owner.

Then there was the divorce. My mother got a hotel in Palestine, Texas — they call it Palesteen but it's Palestine — and I lived there awhile. My dad had moved to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and I moved to Baton Rouge to live with him awhile. He'd gotten very old and after that he had a little place in Grand Prairie, Texas, between Fort Worth and Dallas. I moved to Grand Prairie and lived in the hotel.

### **I AM THE CAMERA: TOBE HOOPER AND THE MOVIES**

By now I knew I wanted to make movies. I would take the bus into Dallas to see all the films and to go to the library to check out like Aaron Copeland doing "Appalachian Spring." At the same time, I was able to read

*Sight & Sound* and *American Cinematographer* while listening to music. The first time I saw *Psycho* was in Dallas and it totally blew my mind. Because it broke the rules, you know: Janet Leigh getting it in the first act, if not the first or second reel, probably. It just... I guess it changed my life, it actually changed my life.

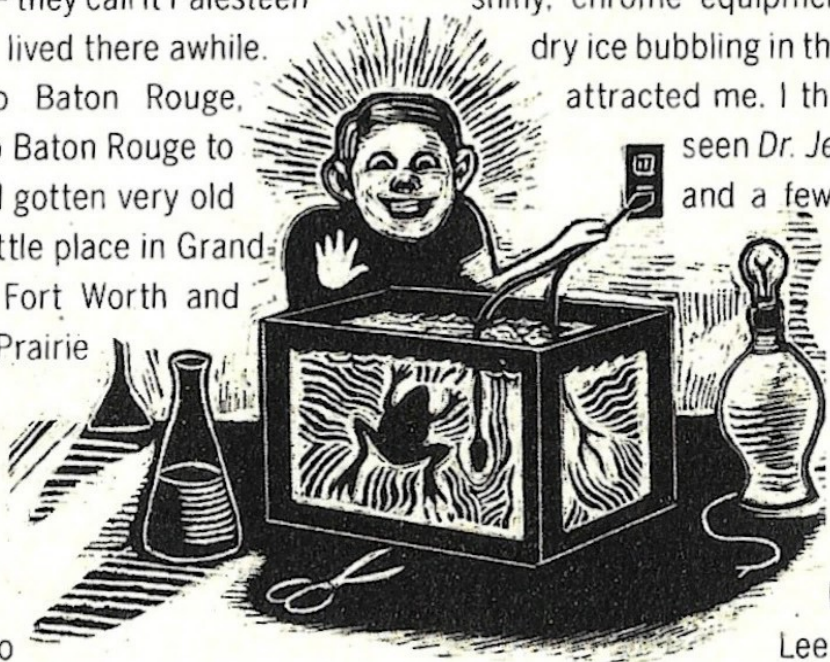
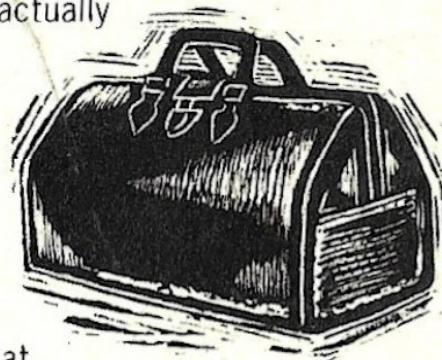
I spent so much of my time in the hotels and the basements, or in the crawl spaces. And in Palestine I had a little room that my mother gave me that I could set up my laboratory. I thought I was going to be a doctor because when I was about three years old our family doctor in Austin gave me his old doctor bag. I liked being around that kind of shiny, chrome equipment. Beakers with dry ice bubbling in them and all of that attracted me. I think it was having

seen *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and a few films like those (*Frankenstein*, of course).

I had this little laboratory. I saw *The Curse of Frankenstein*, a Hammer movie. I saw Christopher

Lee brought back to

life in a rather large water tank. I knew about electrolysis — or I mean, silver-plating. This is where you put salt water in. Well, in my case, a ten-gallon fish aquarium.





You have a wire, basically a lamp cord. You just cut the lamp off and you still have a plug on the other end. You split the wire, put a piece of zinc on one side and a silver spoon on the other. Then hang those two things down in the salt water. I was able to bring a road frog back to life for a couple of seconds... I plugged it in the wall and the water started boiling and bubbling...

I also thought I might become a mad scientist because I got into being a magician, too. I got play dates and birthday parties in Austin. My Dad would take me to Houston, where there was a professional magician's shop. I remember seeing Dr. Neff's Magic and Horror Show at the Paramount Theatre — it came through town — and left [saying], "I want to be a magician now."

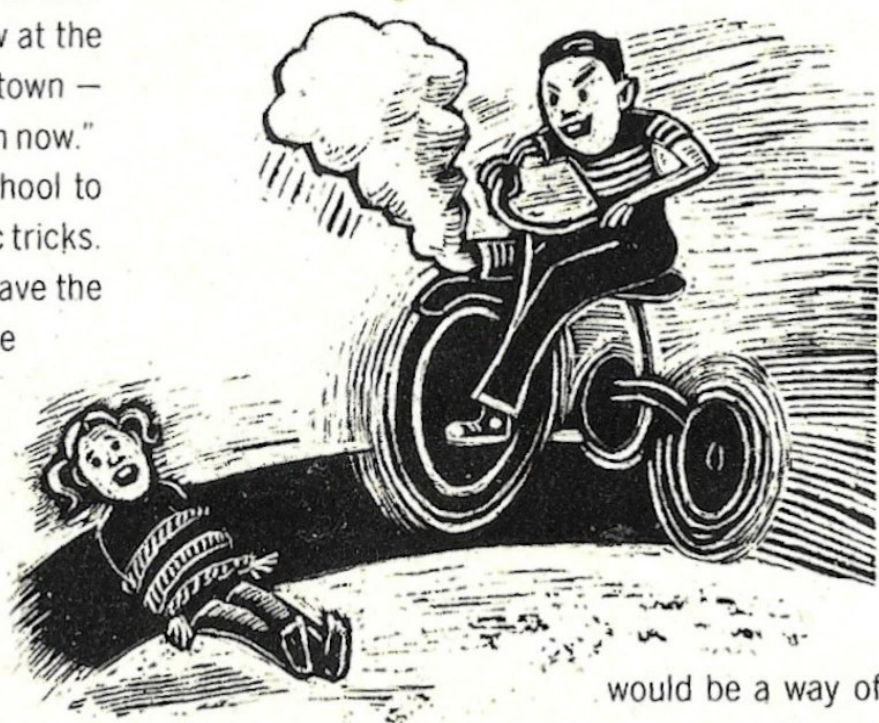
I got an invitation from an Austin school to do some professional acts with my magic tricks. You know, the kind of tricks where you have the green fire because it's boric acid and the wood alcohol on cotton, and the little dish is burning and you put the lid on it and pick it up and then there's a bird there. And making a watch disappear, and throwing it in space. But... I got into the movies and I decided, no, all of this has been about wanting to make movies.

It was when we were in Palestine, Texas that I actually began making films. I think I was nine or ten. We had [an] old Bell & Howell 8mm [camera] and there's footage of me — the image hasn't faded — from my birthday party. I finally got hold of the movie camera when I was eight or nine years old.

At first I was just filming; no, actually I was directing and having my mother shoot at first.

I was always directing. I was like maybe three or four, maybe five. The scene would start with one of my cousins tied down to something that would be like a train track. My tricycle would have a can somehow wired on the front fender of it with smoke coming out; this was the train. I was on a train and I would roll and I would start trying to run [over] one of my cousins or one of my relatives, and so on.

Later I started making my own little movies working with the cousins and things like that. They were kind of non-narrative things that



would be a way of starting a little film or piece of a film. The first one that was a narrative was actually my remake of *The Fall of the House of Usher*, before Roger [Corman] made it.

Other narratives would go sometimes like this: there was a kid, a bully, who kept picking on me in school. I found out in Palestine that instead of turning in like a written paper in science, I could make an 8mm film and show it. And that's when I decided — I was waiting, I was in



the lunch-line — so they kept my projector in science class all day, and every class that they had, they showed the movie. The people in the lunch line were talking about the film, my little movie they'd seen. And I thought, 'That's just so cool.' And that's when I decided to [make films]...

My friend was my producer. He would go down to the drugstore to steal the 8mm film. That was why he was producer. I did come up with a buck and a half to send the film off to Chicago or wherever so it could be processed. And anyway, the bully...well, cut to the chase.

This damn bully agreed to be in a movie. We tied him to one of the beds in the hotel room. I was filming. My producer... well it was time for this kid to get a spanking with some wire coat hangers. And that kid left me alone from then on. I don't know, maybe it was kind of like a Scorsese movie or something.

I saw everything. Kind of didn't matter what was playing. I remember black and white, which I had no problem with, not questioning it watching a black and white world. Then there was Technicolor — my God!

*Seven Days of Horror* — they would have it down at, I think, the Capital Theater. I almost never got down to the Ritz, that was a little too far. But...I do remember like *Scaramouche* being a film that I went to after school. I would stay

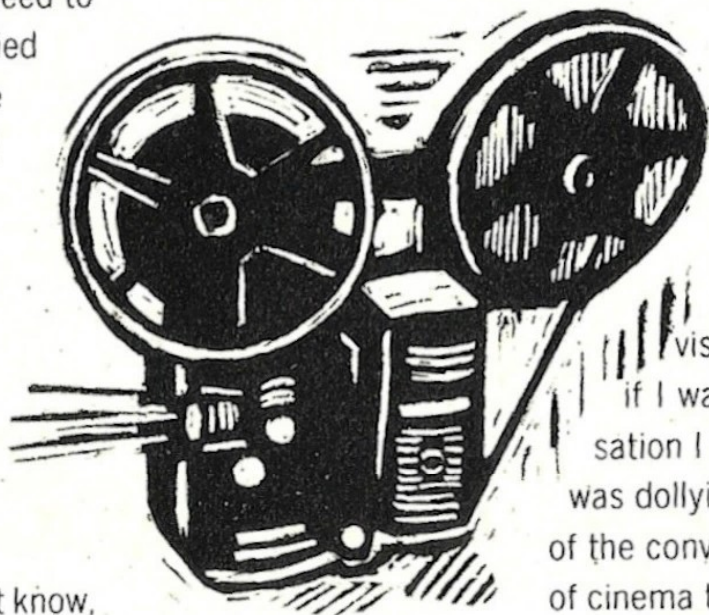
there until the theater closed.

I remember waiting in line — it must have been a rerun; I was on my dad's shoulder — [and] we went late at night to see *Duel in the Sun*. *Duel in the Sun* really was, and still is, like magic for me to watch.

Having seen all these movies then, I have memories that I discovered watching Robert Osborne's Turner Classic Movies. Now and again, I'll see a black and white film, or a color film, from the '40s, and I see a moment that I

thought happened to me in real life and it was something out of a movie.

I would also, until I was in my 20s, base my conversation on film style. I knew the language of film — the structure of editing and cut in visual — before I knew speech. So, if I was having an important conversation I would walk closer in, because I was dolly in on a close-up. It was part of the convention of cinema, the language of cinema then, which became my conversational style.



#### UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS: AUGUST 1, 1966

I went to UT [Austin] for a while. I was the first film student in the RTF building. A man named Shields Mitchell, and Robert Schenckan, ran the whole complex there and he was just totally great to me. Mitchell left and I basically I got his job. Teaching myself I got to use the Auricon film camera, with a 1,200-foot load. I could take it any place I wanted. I would just start shooting around the university. I was getting lots of shots



of punch-card computers. I would start making things for Schenckman to show on PBS.

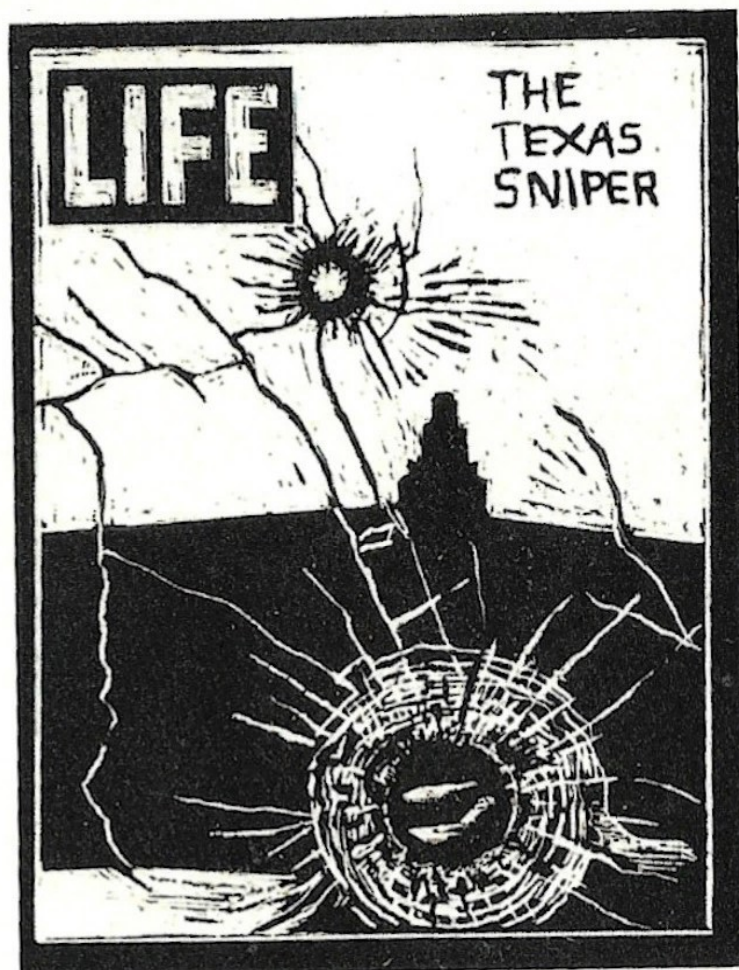
I was on the campus so much. I don't know when I was there, I can't remember; [but] I just lived on the campus. Every year, once or twice a year on the mall, they would reenact some big fight. They would fire these cannons back and forth. It definitely couldn't have been the Civil War but it was some celebration of something.

One time I walked on campus and I heard these guns going off. A police officer ran up to me and said, "Get in that building. Someone is on the tower shooting." I said, "You're kidding." He said, "Go in that building." He took off running and maybe he got 15 feet before he was hit. He fell right to the ground. I got in the building. My point of view at the window meant I could see the tower and hear all the bullets coming.

I was in the building an hour — however long it took. This is when Charles Whitman went crazy [on August 1, 1966] and started shooting people from the UT tower. I could look down and there was someone hiding behind the flagpole, at the bottom of it. Then I could look up and see the tower. By now there were little puffs of smoke everywhere, people were shooting back.

Henry Holly, who actually was the pyro guy in *Eggshells* — he set up the mark of the faux atomic bomb blast — was at the football stadium. There were people from all over town with their high-powered rifles that came to help the police. The clock face [on the tower] was being shattered and you could hear the bells in there going *ding dong ding ding ding*. There were bodies lying all over that mall. Finally, they said, "It's clear." That was a close scrape.

Ron Perryman, Lou Perryman's brother,



rolled out of bed that morning and he had a camera. It ended up that he shot all of the photographs for *Life* magazine. I don't think anyone else got a picture of it. Except later *Life*, for the cover [of the August 12, 1966 issue], shot a picture of a bullet hole somewhere on "The Drag" [the main thoroughfare off-campus at UT].

## WELCOME TO THE FILMHOUSE

I started doing industrial films right before Kennedy was assassinated. I was at work when we heard the news. There was a little commercial movie house called Spicewood Films on Spicewood Springs Road run by a man whose name was Lon Fitzgerald. The state Department of Fish, Game and Wildlife would want a film. Lon and someone that maybe worked under him would make it. So Lon had his own little



company. [It] was just him, and his garage that he had built into this little studio. He had a little Arriflex. I talked him into hiring me.

I started shooting films for insurance companies. Insurance salesmen would carry this little attaché case to a prospective buyer's home. It contained a little Fairchild 8mm projector with a lag soundtrack on it. Basically the little movies would show [that] if you don't have insurance and the husband gets killed, then the wife would probably have to become a prostitute or the kids definitely don't go to school.

Professionally, that's how I started. We did industrials and commercials. I had several partners including Ron Perryman and Gary Pickle, Congressman J. J. "Jake" Pickle's nephew, and we opened our own company, called Filmhouse.

Richard Kidd was the salesman. He would hustle up all this work for us to do. We shot a lot of things for Title Three that Kennedy had left over. Kennedy was going to experimental schools all over the States and all of our equipment was stolen one time in Philadelphia. We stayed in a motel that was somewhere in that area in Philly at the bottom of the steps. You know that [scene in *Rocky* when] Stallone runs up to the museum? We had this rented station wagon with all these silver boxes in it. We thought we were still in Texas, and left that equipment in the car overnight. In the morning we found two broken windows and everything gone.

It was awesome they were supposed to go to work, and then we rented everything. [We] got one of the cameras back two years later. Someone sent us this anonymous telegram, letter, whatever, and Richard or one of them

flew up to somewhere on the East Coast and for \$200 gratuity, he got back this Arriflex BL that we had that was a blimped camera.

I liked shooting with the Éclair NPR 16mm camera. I shot some really nice stuff, like PSAs for this very progressive — at that time — educational program.

We bought a house, down a street from the courthouse and close to the little park that's in *Eggshells*, the little pavilion [on] Lamar Street. The park is still there. We started shooting documentaries and TV commercials for Tracy Lock, a big advertising firm in Dallas, and then we got grants. There were other projects. That's where I ended up working with Fred Miller on the Peter, Paul and Mary documentary *The Song is Love*. I directed that film and shot most of it.

I think I shot something close to 60 TV commercials [including] Farrah Fawcett's first commercials. That was something local, maybe out of Dallas or maybe it was some kind of make-up company.

There's a scene where a guy is on a bicycle. Farrah Fawcett walks by. I asked him to do a double-take. Farrah was going into the old municipal airport. I said, "Do a double-take, look back at her as she goes in the door." And he does. He gives her a look, and it's a real look. And he ploughs right through a plate-glass window that we had to pay for.

He went right through it! Fortunately, he didn't get injured; at least he wasn't badly injured. I didn't see any blood. I don't recall seeing the potential guillotine effect that could have happened. But yeah, I guess around 60 commercials. Then I went on my own. We've been trying to track down a lot of these films but





most of them seem to be gone. There are a few things at the Harry Ransom Center.

### **THE HEISTERS**

My goal was always to do feature-length movies. So I had to learn every aspect of it from shooting, editing, make-up, music to a degree, and sound-mixing. I was my own cameraman, my own editor and my own whatever. At some point after shooting the Peter, Paul and Mary documentary I got together with these young people in Austin and we started making *Eggshells*.

But first I made a short film called *The Heisters* that was in Techniscope. It was in widescreen, we had a \$7,500 budget. This is where I met Ron Perryman and Lou Perryman. Lou had just

gotten out of the service.

It was a proper theatrical widescreen little film. I was 19 years old and I went up to Hollywood to Technicolor. The film was shot in Technicolor [Techniscope was also a Technicolor product] using the dye-transfer process. Then I cut the sound effects and mixed the film at Todd-AO where I met [acclaimed sound re-recording mixer] Buzz Knudson, who kind of took me under his wing. Buzz was mixing *The Sound of Music* at the time and had already mixed *My Fair Lady*. [Knudson was one of the most talented sound mixers and later was president of Todd-AO, then vice-chairman].

I would know him later in life to mix *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. But he'd already won [a



few] Academy Awards. [Knudson would win a total of three Oscars and was nominated for six more]. He kind of ran Todd-AO. He was the number one sound mixer in the world and he gave me a little office there too, overlooking the sound stage. This was the stage where they were mixing *The Sound of Music*. I would have my movie on this upright, and I was cutting and cutting and learning how to cut in effects and then he mixed it for me. It's a one-reeler. I think the total budget of the sound was something like \$700. [That's] what they billed me for.

Knudson was great, he introduced me to everyone. Todd-AO introduced the film to the Academy Awards. They sent a letter but I didn't know about this qualification thing, that the film had to play a certain amount of time, the film's play-date being three days before the end of the year. So it missed out on that. But it did get some bookings — it did play around the country with *Zorba the Greek*. It was just great. I saw it at The Varsity with *Zorba*, and it's a comedy.

I really loved comedy, and it was bigger than slapstick, and before Blake Edwards' *The Great Race*, but it was in that time of cinema where sixtyish silly things — mod-stuff — were going down. It was like camp gothic: a gothic mod-comedy.

## THE SCENE

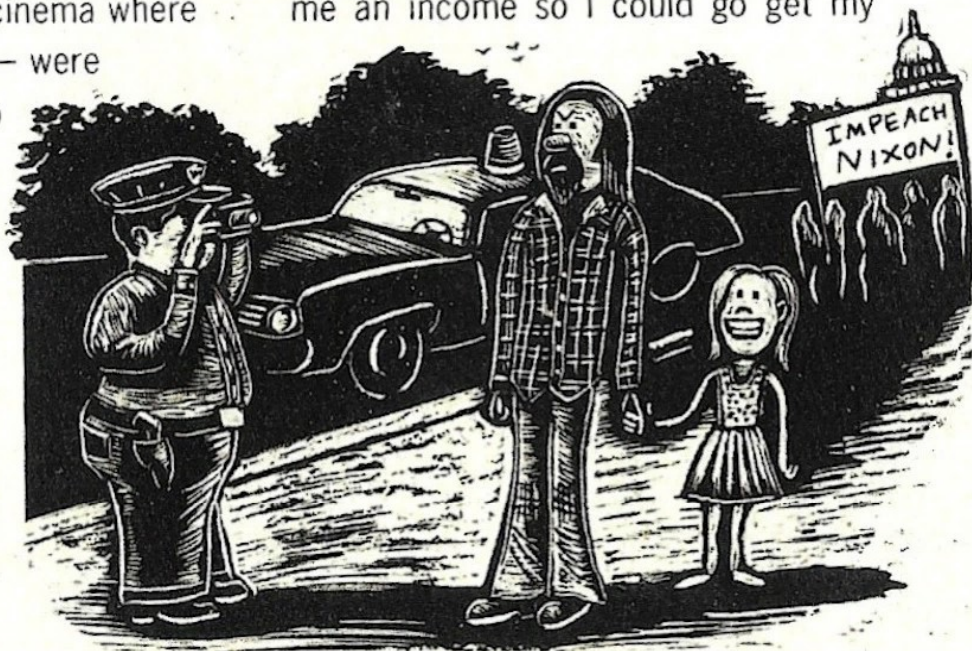
UT was a hotbed of student activism. There were a lot of radical students and a lot of students that just liked the lifestyle. It was generated by a few really serious people — serious, thoughtful people trying to deal with Vietnam.

I knew of the crowd that hung out around Janis Joplin. My mother lived out close to Threadgill's. She had met or knew him. [Kenneth Threadgill was a blues yodeler who after prohibition opened the first beer joint in Austin that had alcohol and a gas station.] I would go to Threadgill's — see [that], Janis Joplin's carved her initials in a table out there and so did Kristofferson. I knew people like Spencer Perskins of Shiva's Headband. The artist Jim Franklin was a part of that group.

San Francisco and Austin were considered sister cities. There was a lot of travelling between them. Some of that could be explained by [the fact that] most of the mescaline production took place out in the Hill Country near Austin. Lots of Texans in San Francisco.

Gilbert Shelton and all these people [were] coming from Austin, so there's a lot of interaction with San Francisco. At one point I wanted to make a film about Fat Freddy's Cat from Shelton's *Furry Freak Brothers*.

I went frequently to San Francisco. Fortunately making commercials allowed me an income so I could go get my





clothing in San Francisco. You could fly with the damn collars, you know? *The Flying Nun* but with a collar, and those bell-bottoms... I had the hair and the sandals.

Much later I would meet Gilbert Shelton when he would come to LA and check into The Beverly Wilshire and we would go up there. Still, at that point I was wanting to turn his material into film. Gilbert was great. I know I'm sure most of those guys and our lives crossed, paths crossed, but part of me is still like, "If you can remember it, you weren't there." I mean, some things it takes an hour or two to remember.

### **"A CRYPTO-EMBRYONIC HYPER-ELECTRIC PRESENCE": MAKING EGGSHELLS**

I had a location, and I had some friends. I had all the equipment it took to make a movie. And an idea as to what kind of movie. I think *Medium Cool* had already come out. I may be wrong, maybe it came out later. [*Medium Cool* director and ace cinematographer] Haskell Wexler is the closest to the real, to really getting in the middle of it. I can understand how Haskell did things like really shoot the car accident scenes and things like that.

I did see things like *The Trip*. At that time when hippies were shown, the lifestyle was shown, but it looked like a copy-band doing something compared to real life. I wanted to do something different, more real, at first before the fantasy element developed into it. I wanted to show this side of life.

It's possible I started shooting *Eggshells* in '68. I say that because pretty much at the beginning of the film you see a Texas license plate that says 1970. Then later in the film on the car with the bubble on top it says 1969. The reason it could have been '68 is that I remember you got the next year's license plate and you bought it somewhere in the middle of the year. I remember because that was a pick-up shot of Laylan leaving her home in the country to go to the university. I saw that license plate and I have the memory of saying, "Well, by the time the film comes out it will be 1970."

Shooting took place over a period of months. It may well have been like seven, eight or nine months. The script started developing on napkins and bits and pieces of paper written at the Night Hawk that was down on The Drag. Over many years, the Night Hawk, at the south end of The Drag, was the center of a scene.





I'd shoot a little bit and it would kind of tell me what to do. Then I would go back and reshoot in another location in the house. The marriage was going to happen — there's a marriage in the film. Working backward from that and discovering from the kids, some of the cast really lived in that house on Ebb Street, that they thought that there was a ghost in that house. So it was, "Okay, there's going to be a ghost." It wasn't like a horror side of me set out to do a ghost story.

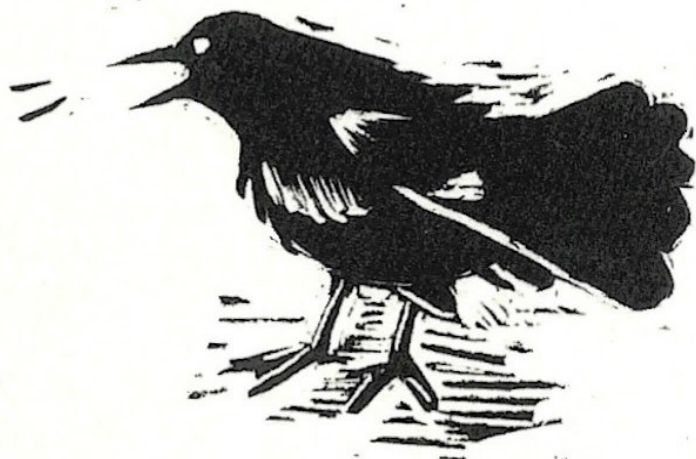
Bob Burns was working with me as crew. Lou Perryman was working. Bob Burns came up with this idea. Bob said, "Let's call this, well this thing to me seems like it's a crypto-embryonic hyper-electric presence that's living in this house." I said I couldn't put it better than that. I mean, that's awesome.

Film was really considered cinema back then and could be said without embarrassment. The passion for it and the respect for it, it was a perfect time. It was a beautiful time for cinema and the art of film, and everything — the artistic life of it. It was that time when you could be really proud of being original.

*Eggshells* evolved over a period of time. It wasn't like we knew what it was going to be. It started telling me what it had to be. The first shot in the movie is a shot of those birds. What are they called there? Grackles. I was out shooting and the sun was going down. The grackles were so incredible. It was about dusk, and then I shot probably about 30 minutes of grackles. I kept looking at this school bus and I thought, "Hey, that fits into this thing just perfectly." That was a moment of opportunity: a moment that was calling to me to shoot it.

Birds and insects to me were like good luck.

I put those things in my documentaries too. There's this little film I wish I could find called *Down Friday Street* that's about the destruction of some homes that should have been saved, and really turning them into parking lots. I had always included beetles and spiders. I don't really know what that meant to me other than acknowledging that there are other forms of life, but I don't know, they brought me luck.





## ABOUT THE RESTORATION

*Eggshells* was scanned at 2K and *The Heisters* was scanned at 4K on a Northlight 1. *Down Friday Street* was scanned at 2K on an Imagica XE. All films were restored removing extensive instances of dirt, damage, sloppy lab work and scratches. Restoration tools included The Pixel Farm's PF Clean, Cinnafilm's Dark Energy, and Blackmagic's DaVinci Resolve. All audio was repaired and remastered in Izotope's RX6 and remastered in Avid's Pro Tools.

## EGGSHELLS: AN AMERICAN FREAK ILLUMINATION (1971)

*Eggshells* was shot in 16mm on color reversal stock between 1969-1970. It was completed in 1971 and blown-up to 35mm. The print used here for the restoration is a badly faded 35mm show print and the only known one in existence. The negative no longer exists.

## CAST

Mahlon Foreman  
Ron Barnhart  
Amy Lester  
Boris Schnurr [Kim Henkel]  
Pamela Craig  
Jim Schulman  
Allen Danziger  
Sharon Danziger  
David Noll

## CREW

**Directed** by Tobe Hooper  
**Written** by Kim Henkel, Tobe Hooper  
**Produced** by David L. Ford, Raymond O'Leary

**Collaborator** Ronald Perryman

**Director of Photography** Tobe Hooper

**Edited** by Tobe Hooper, Robert Elkins

**Music** by Spencer Perskin, Shiva's Head Band; Jim Schulman

**Assistant Director** Lou Perryman

**Production Assistants** Sally Richardson, Wayne Bell, Brian Bard, Brett Christian, Billy Belnoski, Rod Davis

## THE HEISTERS (1964)

Tobe Hooper's first narrative short film, shot in Techniscope on 35mm, is a tribute to Hammer Horror. It has been restored in 4K from Tobe's personal print.

## CAST

Hune Boone as Tom Billups  
Norris Domingue as Angelo Thraxini  
Larry Ray as Villamosh Anousslavsky  
Larry Ray as Vlad

## CREW

**Directed** by Tobe Hooper

**Written** by Michael England, Tobe Hooper

**Produced** by Michael England, Tobe Hooper

**Music** by Ezra Rachlin

**Cinematography** by Ronald Perryman

**Edited** by Tobe Hooper

**Art Direction** by Gerald D. Harlan

**Costume Design** by Gay Jacobs

**Makeup** by Jay W. Cadenhead



## **DOWN FRIDAY STREET (1970)**

Tobe Hooper and Ron Perryman's experimental documentary about a historic Austin neighborhood condemned to gentrification. Shot on 16mm color reversal stock and restored in 2K from the only known copy in existence.

**Produced** by Motion Picture Productions of Texas

**Music** by Ray Lynch, The Merlin Tree

**Collaborator** Ronald Perryman

**Photographer** Tobe Hooper

**Designer** Tobe Hooper

## **RESTORATION CREDITS**

**Executive Producer** Louis Black

**Producers** Mark Rance and Tobe Hooper

**Scanning** Watch Works Ltd, London

**Restoration** Watchmaker Films Ltd, London

**Restoration Artist** Mark Rance

**Grading** Mazin Power (*Eggshells*), Mark Rance (*The Heisters*, *Down Friday Street*); *Eggshells* audio transferred from the optical track at Chase Audio by Deluxe, Burbank; *Eggshells* and *The Heisters* reference telecines FotoKem, Los Angeles

## **DISC CREDITS**

**Produced** by Louis Black Productions and Watchmaker Films

**Executive Producer** Louis Black

**Disc Producers** Collins Swords, Mark Rance

**Art Director/Designer** Leslie Ernst

**Production Artist** Von Allen

**Cover Artwork** Guy Juke

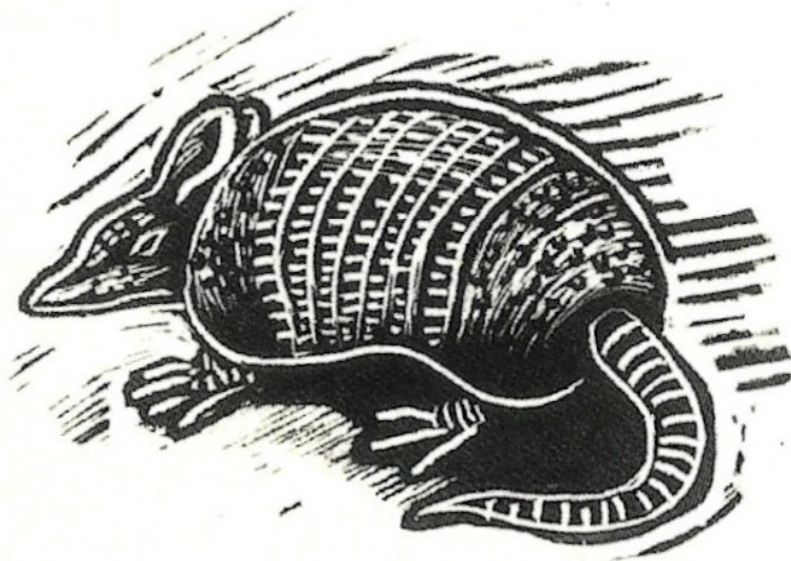
**Inside Cover Artwork** Jim Franklin

**Scratchboard Illustration** Penny Van Horn

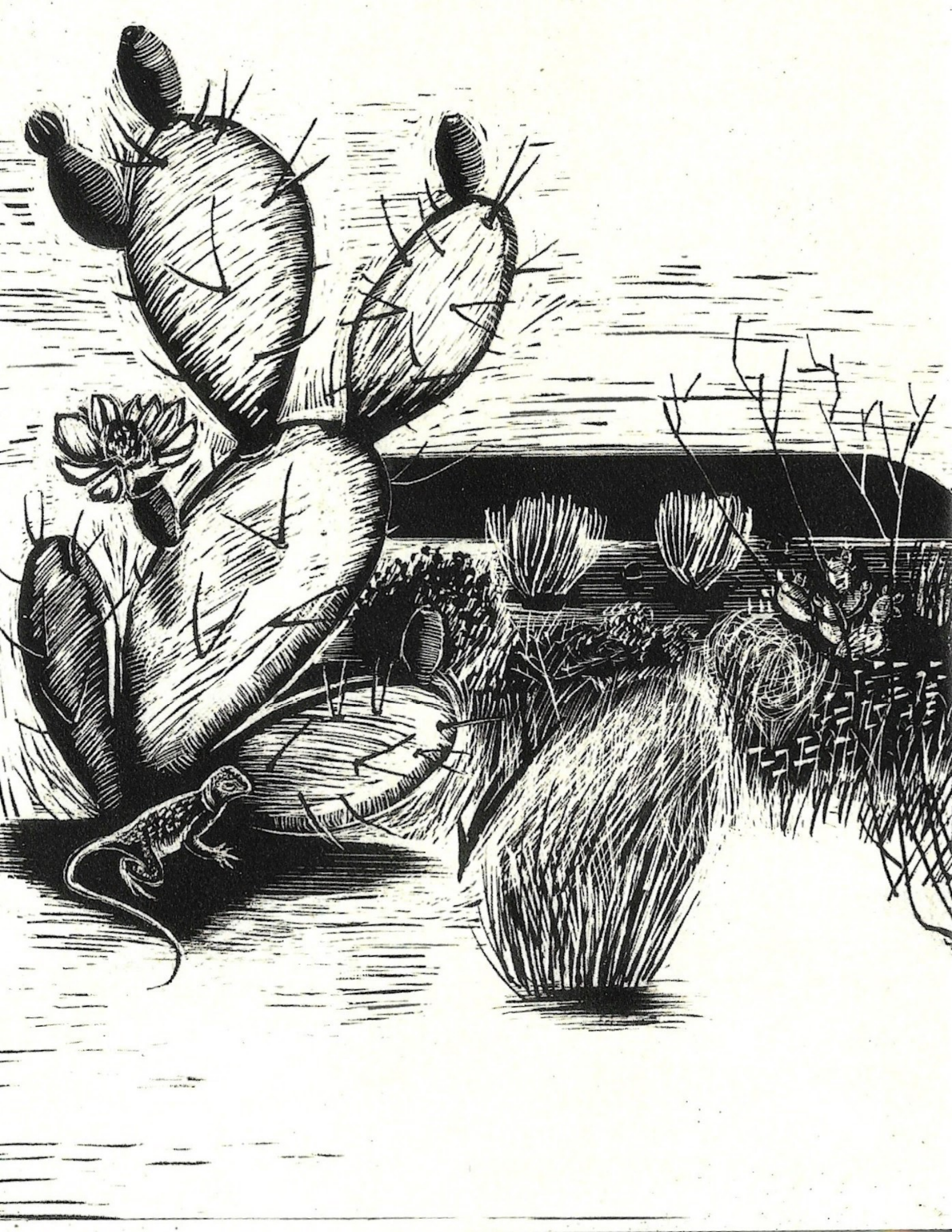
## **SPECIAL THANKS**

Tobe Hooper; Sandy K. Boone; Penny Van Horn; Leslie Ernst; Alyssa Spiller Sajovich; Von Allen; Levie Isaacks (the first voice you hear in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*); Wayne Bell; François Maurin, Dana Kinonen, and Three Legged Cat Productions (R.I.P.); Jim Blanco; J.B. Colson; Alison Beck, The Briscoe Center; Steve Wilson, The Harry Ransom Center

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**IN MEMORIAM**

TOBE HOOPER

25 JANUARY 1943-26 AUGUST 2017

OUR COLLEAGUE. OUR FRIEND.

WE WILL MISS YOU.





